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Original Poetry.

For The Independent.

THE DYING SOLDIER

FROM NEAR THE KANSAS LINE.

A soldier from Missouri, in early manhood's prime,
Lay with the dead and dying in Mississippi's clime:
On the bloody field of Corinth his life was ebbing fast,
And comrades faint and bleeding, in crowds were hurrying past.

He saw his young campanions, the friends of happier days, [blaze,
Retreating from the conflict before the cannon's
And borne along, all tattered, the starred and barred ensign, [line.
That flag which he had carried from near the Kansas

A comrade stooped beside him, and raised his drooping head, [said:
And thus, in faltering accents, the youthful soldier
"Farewell! my friend and comrade, a long and last adieu! [to you!
Tho' you may shortly follow me, I'll ne'er return

With me the war is over! my marching's at an end,
And now a dying message by you I fain would send.
O, bear it to my kindred, those distant friends of mine
Whose home I left in quiet so near the Kansas line.

I have an aged mother, you know that mother well;
Oh! bear to her the tidings how I in battle fell;
And tell her I remember, in anguish, her advice
To stay at home in quiet, nor join the rebel Price.

And if I had but heeded the counsel good she gave,
I should not now be hastening into a rebel's grave!
But I heeded other counsel and left that home of mine— [line.
That home of peace and comfort upon the Kansas

You know my brothers also—tell them the mournful tale, [bowie,
And when in death I'm sleeping, they will my fate
They know I strove all vainly, secession's tide to stem
Till, blinded by a phantom, I bade adieu to them.

They know the things that drew me away from them and home, [to roam.
And the phantom light that lured me in Dixie's land
Oh, that this heart were loyal within this breast of mine!
But it will never beat again upon the Kansas line!

Tell to those wealthy neighbors, who preached secession loud, [crowd,
And counselled me and others to swell the rebel
That tho' they now are loyal their own dear lives to save,
'Twas they who sent me surely to fill a rebel's grave.

That tho' I can forgive them, I'd have them not forget [mother yet.
That but for them I might have been at home with
And tho' I lie far distant, this mangled form of mine
Will haunt their dreamy slumbers upon the Kansas line.

And there's a dark-eyed beauty, I need not tell her name, [el flame;
Who swerved me from my duty and fanned the rebHer words to me were these: 'No hand with mine unites
Unless I find it bold to defend our Southern rights.'

Those Southern rights, alas! I know not what they are; [glare:
But with you and others, followed the phantom's
I sacrificed my judgment at beauty's magic shrine,
And joined the rebel regiment upon the Kansas line.

And ere this war is ended, as foolishly begun,
Ten thousand youths, misguided, will do as I have done [mine
And a thousand doating mothers will be bereft like
And a thousand homes made desolate upon the Kanline.

And now, his reason failing, the soldier ceased to speak, [Greek
And on the field of battle, where Greek had met the
His life was made an offering unto the God of war
Whose victims bleed by thousands, alas! alas! what for?

The land is dark with mourning, draped in weeds of woe, [high and low;
And the wailing notes of sorrow are heard from
And many homes are desolate where fire and sword combine [line.
To make a howling wilderness along the Kansas

Selected Sketch.

A LESSON FROM THE BEES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A murmur of impatience came from the lips of young Wentworth, as, laying aside his palette and brushes, he took up his hat, and, with a worried manner, left the studio, where, with two or three young men, he was taking lessons and seeking to acquire skill in the art of painting. He was at work on the head of one of Raphael's Madonnas, and was, with the warm enthusiasm of a young artist, in love with the beautiful, seeking to transfer to his canvass the heavenly tenderness of her eyes, when a coarse jest, from the lips of a fellow student, jarred harshly on his ears. It was this that had so disturbed him. Out into the open air the young man passed, but the bustle and confusion of the street did not in the least calm his excited state of feeling.

"A coarse, vulgar fellow!" he said, angrily, giving voice to his indignation against his fellow student. If he is to remain in the studio, I must leave it. I can't breathe the same atmosphere with one like him.

And he walked on, aimless, but with rapid steps. Soon he was opposite the window of a print-seller. A gem of art caught his eye.

"Exquisite!" he exclaimed, as he paused and stood before the picture. "Exquisite! What grouping! What an atmosphere! What perspective!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed a rough fellow at his side, whose attention had been arrested by a comic print. "Ha! ha! ha!" And clasping his hands against his sides, he made the air ring with a coarse but merry peal. He understood his artist fully, and enjoyed this creation of his pencil.

"Brute!" came, almost audibly, from the lips of Wentworth, as all the beautiful images just conjured up faded from his mind. And off he started from the print-window in a fever of indignation against the vulgar fellow who had no more manners than to guffaw in the street at sight of low life in a picture. On he moved for the distance of one or two blocks, when he paused before another window, full of engravings and paintings. A gem of a landscape, cabinet size, had just been placed in the window, and our young friend was soon enjoying its fine points.

"Who can be the artist?" he had just said to himself, and was bending closer to examine the delicate treatment of a bit of water, over which a tree projected, when a puff of tobacco smoke stole past his cheek, and found its way to his nostrils. Now, Wentworth was fond of a good cigar, and the fragrance that came to his sense on this particular occasion was delicate enough, of its kind. In itself, it would have been agreeable rather than offensive; but the vulgarity of street-smoking he detested, and the fact of this vulgarity came now to throw his mind again from its even balance.

"Whew!" he ejaculated, backing away from the window, and leaving his place to one less sensitive, or capable of a deeper abstraction of thought, when anything of true interest was presented.

"I will ride out into the country," said he. "There, with nature around me, I can find enjoyment." So he entered an omnibus, the route of which extended beyond the city bounds. Alas! Here he also found something to disturb him. There was a woman with a lap-dog in her arms, and another with a poor, sick child, that cried incessantly. A man, partially intoxicated, entered, after he had ridden a block or two, and crowded down by his side. Beyond this, the sensitive Wentworth could endure nothing. So he pulled the check-string, paid his fare, and resumed his place on the pavement, muttering to himself as he did-so—

"I'd a thousand times sooner walk than ride in such company."

Two miles from the city resided a gentleman of taste and education, who had manifested no little interest in our excitable young friend. To visit him was the purpose of Wentworth when he entered the stage, which would have taken him within half a mile of his pleasant dwelling. He purposed to walk the whole distance rather than ride with such disagreeable companions. The day was rather warm. Our young artist found it pleasant enough while the pavement lay in the shadow of contiguous houses. But, fairly beyond these, the direct rays of the sun fell upon his head, and the clouds of dust from passing vehicles almost suffocated him. Just a little in advance of him, for a greater part of the distance, kept the omnibus, from which the women with the lap-dog and crying child got out only a square beyond the point where he left the coach. The drunken man also soon left the vehicle. Tired and overheated, Wentworth now hurried forward, making signs to the driver; but, as the driver did not look around, his signs were all made in vain; and he was the more fretted at this from the fact that a passenger, who was riding in the omnibus, had his face turned towards him all the time, and was, so our pedestrian imagined, enjoying his disappointment.

Hot, dusty and weary was our young artist, when, after walking the whole distance, he arrived at the pleasant residence of the gentleman we have mentioned.

"Ah, my young friend! How are you to-day? A visit, I need not tell you, is always agreeable. But you look heated and tired. You have walked too fast."

"Too far, rather," said Wentworth. "I have come all the way on foot."

"How so? Did you prefer walking?"

"Yes; to riding in the stage with a crying child, a lap-dog, and a drunken man."

"The drunken man was bad company, certainly. But the crying child and the lap-dog were trifling matters."

"Not to me," answered Wentworth. "I despise a woman who nurses a lap-dog. The very sight frets me beyond endurance."

"Still, my young friend, if women will nurse lap-dogs, you can't help it; and so, your wisest course would be to let the fact pass unobserved; or, at least, uncared for. To punish yourself, as you have done to-day, because other people don't conform in all things just to your ideas of propriety, is, pardon me, hardly the act of a wise man."

"I can't help it. I am too finely strung, I suppose—too alive to the harmonies of nature, and too quick to feel the jar of discord. Do you know to what you are indebted for this visit to-day?"

And Wentworth related, with a coloring of his own, the incidents just sketched for the reader, taking, as he did so, something of merit to himself, for his course of action.

"Upon what were you at work?" asked his friend, when the young man finished speaking.

"On the beautiful Madonna, about which I told you at my last visit."

"Is it nearly completed?"

"A few more touches, and I would have achieved a triumph above anything yet accomplished by my pencil. It was in the eyes that I failed to succeed. They are full of a divine tenderness, that only a magic touch can give. Raphael was inspired when he caught that look from Heaven. I had risen, by intense abstraction of mind, into a perception of the true ideal I sought to gain, and the power to fix it all on canvas, was flowing down into my hand, when the jar of discord produced by that vulgar fellow, scattered everything into confusion and darkness."

"And so the Madonna remains unfinished?"

"Yes, and I am driven from work. Here is another day added to my list of almost useless days."

The friend mused for a little while, and then said, somewhat sententiously—

"You must take a lesson from the bees, Henry."

"I will hear a lesson from your lips; but, as for the bees——"

And he shrugged his shoulders with an air that said—"I can learn but little from them."

"Let us walk into the garden," said the friend, rising.

And they went out among the leafy shrubs and blossoming plants, where butterflies folded their lazy wings, and the busy bees made all the air musical with their tiny hum.

"Now for the lesson," said the young artist, smiling. "A lesson from the bees. Here is a sprightly little fellow, just diving into the red cup of a honeysuckle. What lesson does he teach?"

"One that all of us may lay to heart. There is honey in the cup, and it is his business to gather honey. Just beside the crimson blossom, and ere touching it, hangs an ugly worm, spinning out the thread of his winding sheet; but the bee did not pass the flower, because of its offensive presence, nor will he hasten from it until he has extracted the honey-dew. Now his work is accomplished, and now he has passed to that clover blossom, which his weight bends over against the leaves of a deadly night shade. But, the poisoned weed is no annoyance to him. So intently pursues he his search for honey, that he is unconscious of its presence. Now he buries himself in blushing rose-leaves, 'heeding not and caring not,' though a hundred sharp thorns bristle on the stem that supports the lovely flower. And now, full laden with the sweet treasure he sought, he is off on swift wing for the hive. Shall we observe the motions of another bee? Or, is the lesson clear?"

The countenance of Wentworth looked thoughtful, even serious. A little while he stood musing, as though his perceptions were not lucid. Then turning to his wise and gently reproving friend, he grasped his hand, saying, with a manner greatly subdued:—

"The lesson is clear. I will go back and finish my Madonna, though a dozen vulgar fellows haunt the studio. I will have no eyes nor ears for them. My own high purpose to excel, shall make me blind and deaf to anything that would hinder my onward progress.—Thanks for your lesson of the bees. I will never forget it. Like them, I will gather the honey of life from every rich flower in my way. Let the weeds grow nigh if they will. I shall not regard their presence."

Miscellaneous.

The Blind Sculptor.

That is a very touching picture, which is drawn by a modern traveller, of a blind sculptor, whom he fell in with at Innspruck, in the Tyrol. His name was Kleinhaus, and this is a brief synopsis of his history:—

When five years of age, he was attacked with the small-pox. It affected his eyes, and finally made him entirely blind. Before he had lost his sight, he had often played with those little wooden figures which are so skillfully carved by the inhabitants of the Tyrol, and had even attempted to handle a knife, and to form a statuette himself.

When no longer permitted to behold the light, his thoughts unceasingly turned to those images he was wont to contemplate with so much pleasure, and which he would gladly have imitated. Then he would take them between his hands, feel them, and try to console himself for not being able to see, by measuring them with his fingers. Feeling them again and again, and turning them over in every way, he was able by degrees to comprehend, from the touch, the exact proportions of the figure; anatomizing upon wood, marble or bronze, the features of the face and the different parts of the body, and thus to judge of the niceties of a work of art.

When he had acquired this skill, he one day asked himself whether he could not succeed in supplying the loss of sight by the keen sense of touch with which he was gifted. His father and mother were both dead; he found himself alone and destitute, and, rather than beg, he resolved to make out, through his own exertions, a means of subsistence.

Taking a piece of wood and a chisel, he at length began to work. His first attempts were very troublesome and very trifling. Frequently did the unconscious blind man destroy, by one notch made too deep, a piece of work to which he diligently devoted long days of labor. Such obstacles would have discouraged any other, but his love for art induced him to persevere.

After very many efforts, he at length succeeded in using his chisel with a steady hand, and so carefully would he examine each fold of the drapery, one after another, and the contour of each limb, that he *saw*, as it were, by means of his fingers, the figure he intended to copy.

Thus he proceeded by degrees, until he attained to what seems an almost incredible perfection, for he is now able to engrave from memory the features of a face, and produce a perfect resemblance!

He is now seventy years of age, but robust, and works every day, as in his youth. During the course of his career he has sculptured several hundred figures. He lives alone in his humble apartment, and supplies all his wants from the produce of his sculpture. He is of a cheerful disposition; no vain desires agitate him; no ambition for honor or riches troubles the dreams of the blind artist. His mind is wholly occupied with better thoughts. He commences his work in the morning, and as it advances, his face becomes more and more animated, and his soul expands.

"I feel," he says, "each work of art that is presented to me, and each piece that I carve, even to the very minutest part, and I am as content with it as if I had beheld it with mine own eyes."

What a forcible illustration is this of the beautiful sentence of Sterne: "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!" Here is seen the true "compensation" in the dispensations of Divine Providence; like the light that was formed from the source of all light and life, into the dark recesses of poor Laura Bridgman, who seemed shut out from the world, and almost from her Maker, being deaf, dumb, and blind.

A Remarkable Boy.—The Albany (N. Y.) Journal says: "We had the pleasure, yesterday, of an interview with a remarkable boy. His name is Dudley Walter. His memory is prodigious. Although only eight years of age, he can recite over 500 pieces; while he can repeat, verbatim, a lecture or sermon which he has heard but once. Nor does he seem less singularly endowed with regard to the other mental faculties. He is a natural orator, and recites the most difficult pieces, both prose and poetry, with wonderful correctness and dramatic effect. He does not rank among those abnormal beings called prodigies—he is something higher and better. No one sees him without becoming impressed with the idea that he is remarkably but healthfully gifted."

Beauty, unaccompanied by virtue, is a flower without perfume.

Last Fighting of Banks' Army.

The following, from the New Orleans Era, is an account of the final victory of the Union forces:

After some terrible fighting, at 7 o'clock Saturday morning, our forces were at Pleasant Hill, and the rebels were advancing, cavalry in front, endeavoring to discover our position.—Col. A. P. Gooding with his brigade of Lee's Cavalry Corps, was sent out on the Shreveport road to meet the enemy and draw him on. He had gone about a mile when he came upon the rebel advance. Skirmishing immediately ensued, and according to the plan, he slowly fell back. The fight was very sharp between those cavalry bodies, and Col. Gooding lost nearly 40 men killed and wounded, inflicting, however, as much damage as he recieved. The 13th corps was a reserve in the rear, under Gen. Cameron, and created havoc in their ranks. The enemy pressed fiercely on, slowly pushing the men of the 19th corps up the hill, but not beyond their lines of battle. A sudden and bold dash of the rebels on the right gave them possession of Taylor's battery, and forced our line still further back. Now came the grand *coup de main*. The 19th, on arriving at the top of the hill, suddenly filed over the hill and passed through the lines of Gen. Smith. We must here mention that the rebels were now in but two lines of battle, the first having been almost annihilated by Gen. Emory, what remained having been forced back into the second line, but these two lines came on exultant and sure of victory. The first passed over the knoll, and all heedless of the long line of cannons and crouching forms, pressed on.

The second line appeared on the crest, and the death signal was sounded. Words cannot describe the awful effects of this discharge. Seven thousand rifles and several batteries of artillery, loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, were fired simultaneously, and the whole centre of the rebel line was crushed down, frightfully mangled, by this one discharge. No time was given them to recover their good order, but Gen. Smith ordered a charge and his men dashed rapidly forward, the boys of the 19th joining them. The rebels fought boldly and desperately back to the timber, on reaching which, a large portion broke and fled, fully two thousand throwing aside their arms. In this charge Taylor's Battery was retaken as were three of the guns of Nims' Battery. The Parrott gun taken from us at Carrion Crow last fall, and one or two others belonging to the rebels, one of which was considerably shattered, besides 700 prisoners.

A pursuit and desultroy fight was kept up for three miles, when our men returned to the field of battle, and thus ended the fearful and bloody struggle for the control of Western Louisiana.

Senator Pomeroy.—The Troy (N. Y.) Whig is responsible for the following. If true, it is rather a hard one on our Senator:

It has recently come out that Mr. Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, who set up for a Warwick in the way of President making, drew from the Treasury $25,000 of the fund appropriated to enable the President to colonize the blacks abroad—that the scheme did not work—and that the money was not used; and has not been returned to the Treasury. We hope the Hon. S. C. P. has not been speculating with this money, and that he will be ready to fork over. Perhaps he may have used some of it to pay for printing his Circulars, the result of which has been to "colonize" him away up Salt river. It is said he has expended $20,000, for which he is not able to give a very satisfactory account.

The Stuyvesant Pear Tree, in New York, is once more in bloom. This tree was brought from Holland, so runs the story, by Gov. Petrus Stuyvesant, in 1647, and is therefore 217 years old—by far the oldest object placed by man on New York Island that now can be recognized. It is much decayed, and is liable to go down at any moment.—Let some photograper now get views of it; and should the fruit now promised come to maturity, it would be well to have every pear reserved to multiply descendants of the old tree.

Editorial Delights.—If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mullet. If he does, he is a rattle-head, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrong and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he exposes a public man, he does it to gratify spite—is the tool of a clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard. If he does not his paper is dull and insipid.

Idaho is an Indian word, signifying "The gem of the mountains."

A Goose that was a Goose.

The following is from one of Willis' letters from 'Idlewild:—'But I had a laugh at a goose, yesterday.—with a lesson in it, too. Coming home, towards evening with my wagon full of children, the air over head was suddenly darkened by the wings of a very big bird—my neighbors fattest waddler, who, chased by a dog, had concluded to up feathers, fly over the barn, and take refuge in the ever-reliable and long-tried bosom of the river: But it was the day after the first sharp frost, and the stream, though clear as a crystal, was of icy smoothness, and as impenetrable as a rock. Down came the goose, with full faith in it for long-tried water—and the way she slid over, and bro't up at the frozen bank opposite, after that heavy bump on her astonished egg-basket, was boundlessly delightful to the children. Besides the instruction in it, as to a Winter trial of Summer friends, it was a comfort, with a pleasant spite in it, to have one good laugh at a goose that waddles and screams after me every time I trot by my neighbor's house."

Reflections—How much some people deprive themselves of tranquility and comfort, by looking with an evil eye on the dark side of things—dwelling on the spots and blemishes in the character and conduct of others, and magnifying trials and unpleasant occurrences.—Thus the cup of suffering is often made more bitter by the influence of this unhappy disposition; and, by habit, the mind may become so prone to this kind of measurement of things that it becomes insensible of the good things and comforts it might otherwise recount and enjoy; or, if it sees them, it has no capacity for relishing them. Contentment is banished, and a murmuring, complaining spirit preys upon the peace of those who thus yield to this weakness.

But by always endeavoring to dwell in the lowly valley of humility, and keeping the eye single, through all, to see and acknowledge the hand, as well as the mercy and goodness of God, in all events—to mark His gracious designs, in all the afflictions of life, the mind becomes accustomed to refer all to His divine superintendency, and, confiding in His goodness, mercy, and loving kindness, learns to maintain an habitual cheerfulness in all conditions.

A Remarkably Social Governor.—Governor Powell, of Kentucky, was never an orator, but his conversational, story-telling and social qualities were remarkable. His great forte lay in establishing a personal intimacy with every one he met, and in this way he was powerful in electioneering.

He chewed immense quantities of tobacco, but never carried the weed himself, and was always begging for it of every one he met. His residence was in Henderson, and in coming up the Ohio, past the place, I overheard the following characteristic anecdote of him:

A citizen of Henderson coming on board fell into conversation with a passenger, who made inquiries about Powell:

"He lives in your place, I believe, don't he?"

"Yes, one of our citizens."

"Very social man, ain't he?"

"Remarkably."

"Well, I thought so. I think he is one of the most sociable men I ever met with in my life: Wonderfully social. I was introduced to him over at Grayson's Springs, last summer, and he hadn't been with me ten minutes when he begged all the tobacco I had, put his feet in my lap, and spit all over me—remarkably social."

Prosperity, then, does not elate too much, nor adversity unprofitably depress the dependent soul. 'My Father holds the helm, is the confidence of every child of God, in all storms and tempests of life, and therefore, calmness and equanimity preserve the mind in peace. Love reigns supreme, and happiness is found at home.—*Journal of John Conly.*

There is a large and fertile space in every life, in which might be planted the oaks and fruit trees of enlightened principle and virtuous habits; which, growing up, would yield to old age and enjoyment, a glory and shade.

The whale who acted as Jonah's jailor for three days, and nights threw up his situation and his prisoner at the same time.

A fellow feeling—A doctor counting a young lady's pulse.

The Japan correspondent of the Boston Traveler says the population of Jeddo is estimated at three million souls, thus making it much the largest city in the world.

Thiers, the French historian and the fearless opponent of Louis Napoleon, received four thousand cards of congratulation the day after his speech upon the Emperor's Mexican policy.

A thoroughly honest man will not lie even to his dog.

Farm and Houshold.

Evergreens.

It is a good sign to see an increasing demand for evergreens. To our mind, a garden in the country cannot look complete without a portion of evergreens intermingled with shrubs and trees. They give character to the place, whether in summer or winter, to say nothing of their utility in breaking the rude wind, and harboring the small birds about the premises which pick up the innumerable insects that swarm around in the summer.

An evergreen should *never* be denuded of its lower branches, and should always have abundance of room for expansion. It is only with such treatment its transcendent beauty developes itself. Although in certain localities it may be proprer to have them interspersed among shrubbery, the open lawn is where its beauty can be best appeciated. Here it has full scope, and will increase in width in proportion to its growth, while if in a very rich border some kinds have a tendency to shoot upwards too fast, so that they cannot fill up with the finer branches. Such trees if not checked will have a spare naked look, whereas they should be fully clothed.

Many kinds, the spruces especially, bear pruning admirably, so that undue growth only requires to be checked in time to secure all we want to make fine trees.

Excep with very careful removal large trees are not the best to plant, as they are very apt to get naked, and take a long time to recover. It may be urged as it is by many, that they cannot wait to have them grown. This is a mistake;—in favorable soils, and that is any dry prairies, or the ridges amongst them, will grow evergreen as well as any soil under the sun, and every year will see from eighteen inches to two feet added to their height, after the trees once get hold of the soil, which is the second year after planting.

A tree then two or three feet high at planting will in ten years be from fifteen to twenty feet high, and what an object to look upon at that height! We venture to say, all those who possess such by their previous forethought in planting, would not be deprived of them by many times their value in money.

At present there is not a very large assortment to choose from, that is, at a cheap rate. The following are the principal ones:—Norway Spruce, American White Spruce; White Pine, Balsam or Silver fir, Scotch and Austrian Pine, Red Cedar, and White Cedar or Arbor Vitæ.—*Cor. Prairie Farmer.*

To Keep Birds from Picking Fruit.

As the season is coming on for the depredations of birds, I beg to report my experience of last year, when I saved my currants and gooseberries by winding colored worsted around and across my bushes; and my cherries by hanging up several pieces of tin with strong thread in the different trees, two pieces hung near together to clash with the wind, which sound, with the bright reflecting of the tin in the sun, certainly frightened them away; and I had my share of fruit, which the preceding year I was obliged to relinquish to them.—*Arg. Gaz.*

The Cherry Slug.—This larva, which eats the pulpy part of the cherry, and sometimes of other fruit trees, is most effectually routed by a sprinkling of lime. Airslacked lime, applied in the morning, usually accomplishes the desired purpose. Dry, water slacked lime, taken fresh, is still better, being more caustic.

Flowers.—A few—if only a very few—should be about every farm house. They are pleasant to the children, and to the traveller as he passes; and it will promote your own happiness to see others happy.

Cheap Fruit.—We hear continually predictions of a glutted market of fruit—*when*, we ask emphatically, will it come? At the present rate, with the millions of trees set out annually, it seems on the contrary, to be constantly receding from us, the supply increasing actually less than the still more rapidly increasing and enormous demand in every direction.

Pear Trees.—Any man having a small plot of ground, can rear a number of dwarf pear trees, which in a few years will furnish quite a variety, and abundance of most luscious fruit.

Plant Turnips.

Turnips do well in Kansas, only it is a little difficult to get them to come up. The best time to plant is just after a good rain, and the ground is fit for plating. Farmers should have their seed on hand, and their ground prepared so as to be able to embrace the first opportunity to plant after the middle of July. Turnips will do well planted at any time between the middle of July, and the middle of August. Every farmer should have a good patch of them, for they are very valuable for stock in the winter.—Kansas Farmer.